

THE TIMES-DISPATCH
DAILY—WEEKLY—SUNDAY.

Business Office.....916 E. Main Street,
Washington Bureau, 226-7 Munsey Building,
Manchester Bureau, 1102 Hull Street,
Petersburg Bureau, 10 N. Sycamore St.,
Lynchburg Bureau, 215 Eighth St.

BY MAIL One Six Three One
POSTAGE PAID Year. Mo. Mo. Mo.
Daily with Sunday.....\$6.00 \$2.00 \$1.00 .35
Daily without Sunday.....4.00 1.00 .35
Sunday Edition only.....2.00 1.00 .35
Weekly (Wednesday).....1.00 .50 .25

By Times-Dispatch Carrier Delivery Service in Richmond (and suburbs), Manchester and Petersburg—

One Week. One Year.
Daily with Sunday.....14 cents \$9.50
Daily without Sunday.....10 cents 4.50
Sunday only.....5 cents 2.50

(Yearly subscriptions payable in advance.)
Entered January 17, 1902, at Richmond, Va., as second-class matter under act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

HOW TO CALL TIMES-DISPATCH.

Persons wishing to communicate with The Times-Dispatch by telephone will ask central for "1041," and on being answered from the office switchboard, will indicate the department or person with whom they wish to speak.

When calling between 6 A. M. and 9 A. M., call to central office direct at 4041, central room—4042, business office; 4043, for mailing and press-rooms.

SUNDAY, APRIL 12, 1908.

PROSPEROUS VIRGINIA.

From many sections of the State come most encouraging and gratifying accounts of the growth in the material wealth of Virginia. At no time has the prospect been brighter for intelligence and capacity in the Old Dominion than in this year of grace, and the horizon of opportunity is widening. The actual growth of Virginia in manufacturing and commercial lines has been especially brought to the attention of The Times-Dispatch through the editor of its Industrial Section. The reports of what is being done are so good that at the risk of appearing to recount too boldly our own achievements, we feel it proper to mention what has been brought to our attention. Within recent months there have been started at Waverly three nail keg factories, which came to Virginia because the lumber supply has been exhausted in Pennsylvania. These factories are under contract with the American Steel and Wire Company, and keep steadily employed 110 men. Chase City has opened a factory for making butter-dishes and fruit-baskets. Emporia has started a large factory for box shoes, the entire output of which is taken by the Standard Oil Company. South Boston has started a new laundry. Kenbridge, which was recently Tinkling, has planned for two tobacco warehouses, the capital for which has been subscribed entirely in Richmond and Danville. Petersburg has a new \$50,000 shoe factory and a \$25,000 cold-storage plant. Boykins is in a fair way of opening a cotton manufacturing plant and a large brick works. The striking fact in all of these developments is that the money and the men have, with the exception of the factories in Waverly, come entirely from Virginia sources. This means that Virginia capital and Virginia labor have combined to use their mutual resources for the development and upbuilding of their Commonwealth.

No longer is it the cry, "Go West, young man." The West is coming East. The climate and social advantages of Virginia have never been questioned. Apparently the commercial and manufacturing opportunities of Virginia are also to be put beyond the chance of a cavil.

BLESSED IS THE PEACEMAKER.

Attentive readers will recall that the News Leader recently undertook to charge this newspaper with an effort to create ill-feeling between those two good old friends, Mayor McCarthy and Judge Richardson. By sensational utterances, distortion of facts and other devices, we were, it appeared, deliberately and insidiously striving to arouse, stir up, instigate, excite, incite, etc., etc. "Sensational," as we recall it, was an especial favorite in the flowery and fanciful philippic. The News Leader, as it pictured the scene, was the resolute, yet kindly keeper of the peace, coming forward with words of rebuke and a pair of turtle doves, and cheering their uproariously from the rear as it came.

Bold headlines on the News Leader's front page yesterday summarized the Corcoran Hall rally of Friday night as follows:

AUDIENCE LIONIZED

JUDGE RICHARDSON
Mayor is Hissed and Palls From Stage.

There was more to the headline, but the blackest type was accorded to these two sentences. The body of the article was nicely in character.

Careful prominence is given to the statement that the Mayor "was greeted with a storm of hisses, jeers and yells of derision" (this there was a "display of bitter feeling against the Mayor," and again that there was "intense partisan feeling"). And all this from an audience described as containing hundreds of "business and professional men" and drawn from "the best-known citizens of the downtown wards."

Now a performance of this sort is of no moment whatever, because the News Leader's vagaries, as well as its preferences, intentions and hopes are now fairly well understood in the community. But merely as a psychological study, it is rather interesting to note this neighbor's conception of the role of public instructor in the art of "speaking and acting sanely, moderately, temperately," etc.—a role which, specifically as applied to this mayoralty campaign, it was claiming only the other day. More simply and accurately, it is amusing to compare the exalted tone of its long-winded preach-

ing with the feeble ferocity of its practice.

If the News Leader wants to see Mayor McCarthy defeated why does it not try to find courage to say so? Would not that be more manly, on the whole, than a transparent attempt to injure him by silly little stabs?

DR. MAILET'S RETIREMENT.

Born in 1832 and since 1868 professor of chemistry at the University of Virginia, few teachers have ever been more distinguished in their profession or more widely loved by their scholars than Dr. John W. Mailet. In 1853 Dr. Mailet came to the United States, after completing his education at Trinity College, Dublin, and Göttingen, Germany. As an indication of how high he ranked among the chemists of the world, it may be recalled that Dr. Mailet is a doctor of medicine, a doctor of laws, a doctor of philosophy and a Fellow of the Royal Society. During the Civil War Dr. Mailet served first on the staff of General Rodes, and was later transferred to the ordnance laboratories of the Confederacy, in which work he was given complete control. Though Dr. Mailet is seventy-six years of age, his vigor of mind and body are such that there is every reason to believe that he has many years of happy and useful life before him, and it will be a great pleasure to every old student of the University of Virginia to contemplate the honor and the comfort which have come to Dr. Mailet by his election under the terms of the Carnegie Retiring Fund.

VIRGINIA TOBACCO IN CHINA.

Giving the devil his due is one of the most profitless undertakings for the giver and futile benefits to the recipient that can well be devised—that is, if the generous minded bestower of praise hopes for anything more than an approving conscience. Just at present few devils have ever been as black as the American Tobacco Company is painted in that district of Kentucky which is under the gentle rule of the night riders. While hearing the accounts of trust methods, which the gentlemen of the torch and lash offer as a justification for their methods of argument, it is worth recalling another story not so often told, but of great and vital interest to the tobacco raisers in parts of Virginia and North Carolina. The story is simply this, that when the demand for Turkish tobacco, coupled with the slackening use of cigarettes, came into play the market for the light cigarette tobacco of Virginia and North Carolina would have been greatly restricted. The American Tobacco Company did both. It sent a number of ships to China and scattered Virginia and North Carolina cigarettes through the cities bordering the rivers of that great empire to such good effect that a real and steady demand for American cigarettes was created. Now the American Tobacco Company maintains factories in China, and the tobacco-raisers of Virginia and North Carolina are selling their crops to the Celestials at good prices, and with every prospect of an increasing demand.

TWO COLLEGE SPANKINGS.

For ducking Freshman Bloch when they had been warned to let him alone, the junior class of the New York University received three days' suspension and a reprimand administered in the college chapel. For breaking ranks and marching off as an April Fool joke, 400 students of Clemson College, S. C., were sent back to their cotton fields and sawmills, which goes to show that South Carolina still has some of that stern blood that led Calhoun to stand for his rights, though threatened with hanging by President Jackson, and that made the State the hotbed and the early scene of the War between the States. It was hard on the parents of the South Carolina boys to see their cherished hopes of a graduate son brought to naught, but it was not only wise, but a highly proper lesson to teach the boys of that college, and the boys of other colleges throughout South Carolina, that rules are rules, and that the mere desire to play some foolish prank is no excuse or justification for what, in its essence, is rank disobedience. The lesson that America needs to-day as much as any other is care in passing laws and respect for the laws when passed. Those South Carolina boys who have been sent home have learned a lesson which will be far more likely to produce a leader who will show his fellow-citizens how to be free and self-restrained than those New York College Juniors, who were given three days of holiday for many days of disobedience.

CALVARY.

(Selected for The Times-Dispatch.)
"Then were there two thieves crucified with Him,"—Matt. xxvii, 35.

Crucifixion was shameful and terrible; but that there might be no doubt about it, and to add all possible disgrace to the suffering imposed upon the Saviour, they hung Him between two thieves. On the right hand and on the left these malefactors advertised the ignominy of His pain.

Their companions, the robbers and rascals of Jerusalem, were side by side with His disciples in the crowd. The loathing of all honest men was heaped upon them, and He, hanging there with them, in the same condemnation, was covered with the mantle of their sin. He had come into their lot. He bore their curse and shame. He took His share of their disgrace when He was crucified with them.

In the prison at Jerusalem two robbers are waiting for their death. It is sure to come. Their crimes have doomed them to it. From their boyhood their sins have deepened, until the darkness of the coming death has gathered around them. They know it, and have known all along that it must be the end of their wicked course. And now at last the time has come; the last morning dawns for them. Sin is finished, and on this solemn day it

brings forth death. The soldiers are at the door and the crosses are waiting.

With all this black record of this wickedness before us, think of another life which came to its crisis on this same day. There has been a man living in Palestine for more than thirty years, and He has never done a sin. This spotless, strong, pure goodness has all been poured out in love. The Life has been all sacrifice. With never a thought for self, health and truth have gone out from Him to whoever sought or touched Him—a life like the shining of the sun.

Last night Jesus of Nazareth sat and talked with His disciples; those calm, comforting words have been ever since the wonder of the world. Afterwards the little group went out together into the garden of Gethsemane. And there, while Jesus pleaded with God in agony, His disciples slept from weariness and sorrow. By-and-by the soldiers came and took Jesus and carried Him away. After that He was wholly separated from His friends—from everybody that believed in or loved Him. He is hurried from one scene of mock trial to another, walking the familiar streets in disgrace and desertion. Then He is scourged; but the people want more, they demand His blood. At last the governor yields, and He is led away to the death of a criminal. As He goes, His procession meets another, in which two thieves are led to death, and they are all crucified together.

How far apart they begin, yet they meet at last. Our Saviour entered into the life of humanity at its blackest. He had left heaven, and now He left behind even the little heavenliness which He had found upon earth. All the disciples had forsaken Him and fled. The little flicker of sympathy had vanished. He had come into the company of robbers. "There were two thieves crucified with Him."

That is the awful sight which we behold, in those three crosses standing out sharp and terrible against the sky. Into the darkest of earth's darkness, into the deepest consequences of sin where it was possible for innocence to go, the Incarnate One has gone. Our Immanuel is with the worst of us in His most awful misery. No child of God shall know any suffering which this love shall not fathom to its depths.

We realize the power and hideousness of sin when we gather around the cross. Whose sin? What sin? Yours and mine! In the presence of God's Son thus suffering and dying the oneness of God's family is revealed. It is our punishment He shares. We hang on our cross, and He hangs on His beside us. In our cross we can only blame ourselves. Our sin has brought us what we justly suffer.

On Calvary there was no preaching, no miracles; but there was an exhibition of love such as this cruel, fallen world had never seen before. That love, so immeasurably great, so awful in its beauty, so unselfish, so utterly undeserved, what effect has it on us? It sent away the crowd silent and self-condemned. And who shall break the silence which has now gathered around the cross?

Can anything be said to you of Christ and His love, of man and his guilt, more than the cross and those bleeding wounds have already said? If you are not affected by them, you will not be moved by any word of mine. Shall that Love and that Cross plead in vain?

Old Bill Skillet, the Henrico prince of horticulture, informs us that his shipments of Easter lilies during the past month have far exceeded his record in any past year, the State of Texas, in particular, having deluged him with heavy orders. Mr. Skillet assures us, however, that the cream of his flower-bed is being reserved for the Richmond lovers of the little star-eyed blondes.

Sir William H. Preece, a recent visitor to this country, who says that the American boy is mentally two years ahead of the European boy, evidently bases his opinion on observations made in Royal Richmond Park. Mr. Jefferson, who talks exactly the reverse opinion, doubtless confined his investigations to Houston, Tex.

The de Sagan persistence is among the most adhesive persistences we have noticed in some years. If his lot had thrown him into official life at Washington, he would undoubtedly give George B. Cortelyou a tough tussle for the vice-presidency of the Holdfast Club.

Andrew Carnegie might devote a little of his surplus change to giving Bryan, who has resumed his crusade, the side to make them, as the Kaiser so felicitously phrased it, "feel comfortable."

According to the Record-Herald of that city, you can get enough to eat in Chicago for 9 cents a day. However, any Chicagoan with as much as 9 cents would probably spend it on a railroad ticket.

Gov. Johnson is doubtless optimistic in thinking that he can beat Bryan. There is only one person in the world that can beat Bryan, and that is the man who did it in 1896 and 1900.

Probably by this time it would not be deemed insulting to speak of Mrs. Tallian Russell as an old divorce-mill hand.

John Dalzell might have been a strong presidential candidate this year but for several things, which we will not mention unless pressed.

New York society, so the dispatches say, is "taking up" the Prince de Sagan. It ought to be a long lift.

The employers' liability bill passed like a limited express through Bird Centre.

Business is business. There are no slush-writers where Vanderbilts divorce.

A dispatch speaks of the "best element" in Haiti. These, we suppose, are the foreigners and visitors.

There would not be so much of an international marriage problem if only all European noblemen were women.

Night-riders must do it in a circle. They never get anywhere.

Rhymes for To-Day

NAILED DOWN; OR OFFICE HOURS, 12 TO 12.

THE sun is as bright as it ever could be,
The sky is as blue as it's clear;
The leaves are green on the old maple tree,
But what is the difference in here?

Old winter has lingered his very last lap,
Now April is loose in the air,
And that ought to mean a new joy to a chap—
But what in the deuce should I care?

The young man's light fancy is turning again,
The dove's iris brightens, I see,
The Junco birds are naming the happy day when—
But why talk of these things to me?

The peacock ladies are out on the street,
'Neath lingerie hats of real lace;
To see one I know of would be rather sweet—
But who ever comes to this place?

Why should I be happy or any such thing?
Why should I yell: "May gets my vote!"
O why can't I EVER go out in the spring?
O what does spring mean to a pote.

H. S. H.

MERELY JOKING.

Legal.
She: "Why do you always get behind in your courses?"
He: "So I can pursue them."—Harvard Lampoon.

That's the Point.
"I never object to fair criticism," said the pompous young actor.
"What you do object to," I suppose, replied the critic, "is the understanding most people have of the meaning of the word 'fair.'"
—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Trouble.
Miss Threescore: "Gracious! Haven't you found that ribbon for my hair yet?"
"Yes," said "Yes'm."
Miss Threescore: "Then what keeps you so long?"
Her Maid: "I can't find your hair."—By-stander.

Correct.
Ostend: "Pa, what is a numismatist?"
Ostend: "A collector of coins."
Ostend: "And, pa?"
Pa: "Well, my son, a numismatist is a fellow who will wait a numismatist!"—Chicago News.

Modesty Forbade.
"Come," said the teacher, "don't you know what an a-d-d-i-d-e-o is?"
"Why-er I'mme see," stammered Tommy Tuff.
Teacher: come, come! Suppose a big boy were to strike a little fellow, what would you call him?"
"I don't dare tell yer, ma'am."—Philadelphia Press.

Can't Pease 'Em.
The Assyrian was scratching some hieroglyphics on a brick.
"Are you writing?" asked his chum.
"Hanged if I know!" responded the engraver; "but I expect some of those Assyriologists of the twentieth century will translate all right."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

HOW THEY CARRY ON.

During the approaching campaign the Federal officeholders will naturally be "dread with enthusiasm," but it won't be a marker to the enthusiasm with which they will be dreading in case of a Democratic victory.—Washington Post.

If Prince Heliogabalis to pick up a little easy money while he is dicking in this country, why doesn't he sign up with Count Beni for a limited round engagement in the prize ring at Goldfield, Denver Republican.

What Jara Judge Parker most of all is the fact that nobody now cares whether he takes a daily swim or not.—Washington Post.

De Sagan is said to have a pauper cousin at home living on charity seems to be a family trait.—Philadelphia Ledger.

We would feel little better about these international marriages if we even convinced that some enterprising American lawyer would get the money in the long run.—Washington Herald.

The comic artists will probably draw a picture of John Sharp Williams as Filibuster Brown.—New York Mail.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

A moderate amount of rope jumping is said to be very beneficial exercise.

The death rate among the miners is less in Belgium than in any other country.

The operating expenses of Columbia College for the present year are \$1,552,563.

The United States produces nearly 45 per cent. more coal than Great Britain.

Fronting the coast of North Australia is the Great Barrier Reef, the largest coral reef in the world. It is over 1,000 miles long and 30 miles wide.

London has completed the steel structure of the great stadium where the Olympic games are to be held this year. It is designed to accommodate 70,000 spectators.

It has been only eight years since this country was Great Britain in the matter of coal production. Now the English mines are hardly to be regarded as competitors.

New York and New Jersey together contained about 5,000 Catholics a century ago, where now the New York diocese alone has over 1,200,000 members with 120 churches.

Frederick W. Vanderbilt, of the class of 1876 of the Sheffield Scientific School, at Yale, is the donor of the Torrey House property, just bought for the school. The house is to be used as a dormitory for the present.

Mrs. Isaac Rice, of New York, known in New York as the capital of Europe as the "Queen of the South," has resumed her crusade against undue noise and will spend the summer in this advocacy abroad. Her immediate object is to organize anti-noise societies in every capital in Europe, being confident that once interest is aroused the agitation will spread until her aim is accomplished.

Japs Learning to Drink Milk.

There was a time when milk was regarded in Japan with the same abhorrence as cheese is in China, especially after a meal of rice and soy-sauce. Recent statistics, however, show that there has worked a great change in this respect, and milk and butter are now the great vogue in Japan.

As to dairy farms, they have increased notably in recent years. Butter, however, is a by-product at these places. It is in the dairy that the profits for their profit. Milk has a curious history in this country. Thirty or forty years ago it was abhorred. The average man could not bear to touch it, let alone drink it. But to-day many of our household consumes one or two bottles of milk daily. "Milk habits," too, are now quite numerous.—Consular Reports.

Legs and Legs.

After the Ways and Means Committee had been compelled to leave its old quarters and go over to the new House of Representatives office building, the committee members were sympathizing with Champ Clark.

It might have been worse, Champ," they said. "Cheer up. Pretty soon they will have the electric cars running in the subway and then you can ride over."

They replied Clark. "It might have been worse. Reminds me of an Irishman I knew down in St. Louis who had both of his legs cut off by a railroad train. He was never the same after that."

"Sure, Mike replied, 'suppose I had been a chorus girl.'—Saturday Evening Post.

Congressional Finance.

Congress isn't always as ignorant of financial matters as some people believe. The last Congress at least knew enough to increase the congressional pay.—Philadelphia Press.

STATE PRESS

Mr. Williams's Clever Move.

Mr. Williams has informed the Republicans that if twenty-one of their number will vote for the measure, the minority will furnish sufficient votes to enact them into laws. As these recommendations of the President involve publicity of campaign contributions, regulation of child labor, an employer's liability bill, compensation to government employees, one which declares the right to service, and reduction of taxes on wood pulp and print papers, matters in which the masses of the people are vitally interested, it can readily be seen what an advantage Mr. Williams has given his party in the coming presidential election, and how he will during the campaign preceding it put the Republican "defensive"—Fredericksburg Free Lance.

The Unfair Pledge.

The pledge within the scope of the committee to bind the participants in any primary to support the nominees of that primary, and every fair man accepts that condition when he enters a contest, but to attempt to bind them to vote in an election separate and independent election is not reasonable.—Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch.

Pledge Advice From Without.

The Democrats of Richmond would be unworthy of the name if they tamely submitted to a pledge crammed down their throats when they went into the primary of supporting two sets of nominees—one municipal, to be voted for in June, and the other for the State, to be voted for in November, but whose names were not, and in the nature of the case cannot be on the primary ballot. A primary pledge may well be a good thing, but it should have no further effect than to secure the conscience of voters than supporting the candidates nominated in the primary explicitly and by name.—Petersburg Index-Appal.

Are Party Lines Fading?

The differences between the two great parties of the country are not so clearly drawn as formerly, the distinction between a "Bryan" Democrat and a "Roosevelt" Republican has been drawn that in the average mind there is little, if any, difference.—Emporia Messenger.

The Negroes at Lynchburg.

Our colored friends from all accounts did not fare very well at the Lynchburg Republican convention. Press reports say that whenever a negro delegate tried to speak he was told to shut up and sit down. In the big row in the Tennessee Republican convention recently the papers stated that "the heads of the negro delegates were combed with chairs when they attempted to butt in."—Abingdon Virginian.

Interesting as an Opinion.

It is a pretty safe bet for any one who has no scruples against betting on a certainty, that Bryan if nominated this year will not follow the lead he did in 1896.—Petersburg Index-Appal.

No Future in Politics.

What then is the Virginia negro to do? All circumstances are conspiring to show that he is about to become, if he has not already assumed, the status of an utterly negligible factor in Southern politics. The true friend of his race will have accepted this condition and act upon it—that he get out of politics altogether, and center his efforts on some other path leading to his moral and material progress.—Lynchburg News.

Dipped from the Stream

Down to the Sea.

(For the Sunday Times-Dispatch.)
The beautiful, the silvery foam, the sparkle of the rills,
Like jeweled hands that kiss farewell
unto the billowy hills:
A laurel wreath for some song where
rolling clouds are riven,
And the rivers of the world come down
from highlands of the heaven.

Yet winding through the verdant vale,
yet wandering far away,
And softly sleeping in the sun through
the trade winds of the sea,
Yet murmuring a melody of magical
divining.

For when the day has ceased to shine
the golden stars are shining.

Ah, love is but the laughing rill, and
wonderful the will,
And soft the music of its mood of
melody the while;
Ah, love is but the deepening flow
of yonder rolling river.

That under the fullness of the sea
forever and forever.

Far and away the foaming flood sweeps
onward through the plain,
And widens to the majesty and splendor
of the main;
But sadly is the glimmered and bit-
ter the sea's gloaming.

When lo! anon the earth-stain mares
its virgin adorning.

No more the mirrored stars amid the
darkening depths arise,
Nor flash the turgid tides the borrowed
glow of the sun's disk;

But vanished are the earth-stains when
the vaulting of the river
is swallowed by the vasty deep for-
ever and forever.

There's many a sail upon that sea
unto the far away,
There's many a ship that reaches to the
everlasting day;
The yearning of a deathless love unto
the land Elysian.

When loved one seeks a golden shore
beyond the mortal veil,
"Tis as the burden of a song where
gorgeous clouds arise,
And 'tis the weary way that wins unto
the wondrous skies;

The matchless magic of the morn that
glows in the morning,
The holy heaven that heals at length
the pitiful hurt of sorrow.

BENJ. C. MOOMAW.

Woman's Power.

As true as God is God, or that the
Christ
Came down from heaven to save us
all from hell,

'Tis true that woman holds our every
trade for fifty years, then the
Within her hands—to shape it wrong
or well.

Whatever she may think us, that we
are—
A pot that's molded from her potter's
hand, the clay is hers to shape.

The cracks are deepened to the inner
shell,
Or all the imperfections smoothed
away.

No flaw too deep for her to glaze
with new—
No shape so rough but that her fin-
gers may.

With one deft touch, realer all its
mold,
To brush the outward ugliness
away.

But also true, alas! the fairest vase
That artist ever fashioned for her
sake

She may as easily and quickly drop,
To see it in a thousand fragments
break.

Once broken past recall, it shattered
lies.
Nor even woman's fingers may re-
pair;

Such dust to dust, once mingled, never
more.

May molded be, to make a thing
that's fair.

F. J. STUART.
San Antonio, 1908.

A Sudden Metamorphosis.
"Who," she asked, "is that scrawny,
how-legged, old man looking person
talking to Miss Rockingham?"
"That is Count Briscapicentini,"
she replied. "What an aristocratic, noble
bearing he seems to have! I think
he has shifted his position so that the
light strikes him properly."—Chicago
Record-Herald.

Franklin, - Virginia

RAILWAY AND STEAMBOAT TRANSPORTATION FACILITIES,
WATER AND ELECTRIC POWER,
AMPIE BANKING FACILITIES,
COMPETING FREIGHT RATES TO ALL PORTS,
RAW MATERIAL IN THE WAY OF
COTTON, WOOD AND GRAIN IN Abundance,
CHEAP SITES, GOOD SCHOOLS.

These are some of the advantages Franklin offers to capital and energy that want to embark in manufacturing where manufacturing will pay. For general and specific information, address

BUSINESS MEN'S ASSOCIATION,
Franklin, Virginia.
I. E. HOWELL, President. R. H. COBB, Vice-President.
L. L. HATFIELD, Treasurer. L. B. HENRY, Secretary.

THE YELLOW PERIL

BY FREDERICK J. HASKIN.

Tokyo.
The Yellow Peril! What does it mean? Those who essay to answer the question are divided into two camps. One declares that the peril threatens the supremacy of Occidental civilization, the other which asserts that there is no peril at all.

Take the view of those who see danger ahead: Since Japan has become a first-class military power and has proved to the world that the lessons in the use of the edged tools of the white race may be thoroughly learned by the yellow, there is alarm in the minds of the statesmen of every nation of the Occident. In the whole of Asia east of the Punjab there are less than 250,000 white people, not counting the Russians, who exercise commercial and political dominion over 800,000,000 or 900,000,000 of Asiatics. Thus Orientalism is a vast, a state of unstable equilibrium and a readjustment would involve the peoples of the whole world.

The whole political map will be changed when the Oriental shatters the prestige of the white race in Asia. There is not a group of Asiatics anywhere from Tonquin to Chinese Tartary which does not know that Japan has licked the boots of old Russia and thereby proved eligible to become the captain of the yellow host that is destined to restore Oriental world supremacy. China is awakening from the stupor of centuries. The great flood of millions of India are beginning to feel the stirring of a national spirit which will impel them to break the European fetters which bind them.

In the entire history of the world the possession of Asiatic trade and the power of modern civilization and modern empire, while its loss has meant the ebb of power. Three times since Macedonia first placed European shackles upon the East, the decline of the world has been the decline of the East. In the entire history of the world the destruction of Europe—the Arab empire of trade which sapped the